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LETTERS

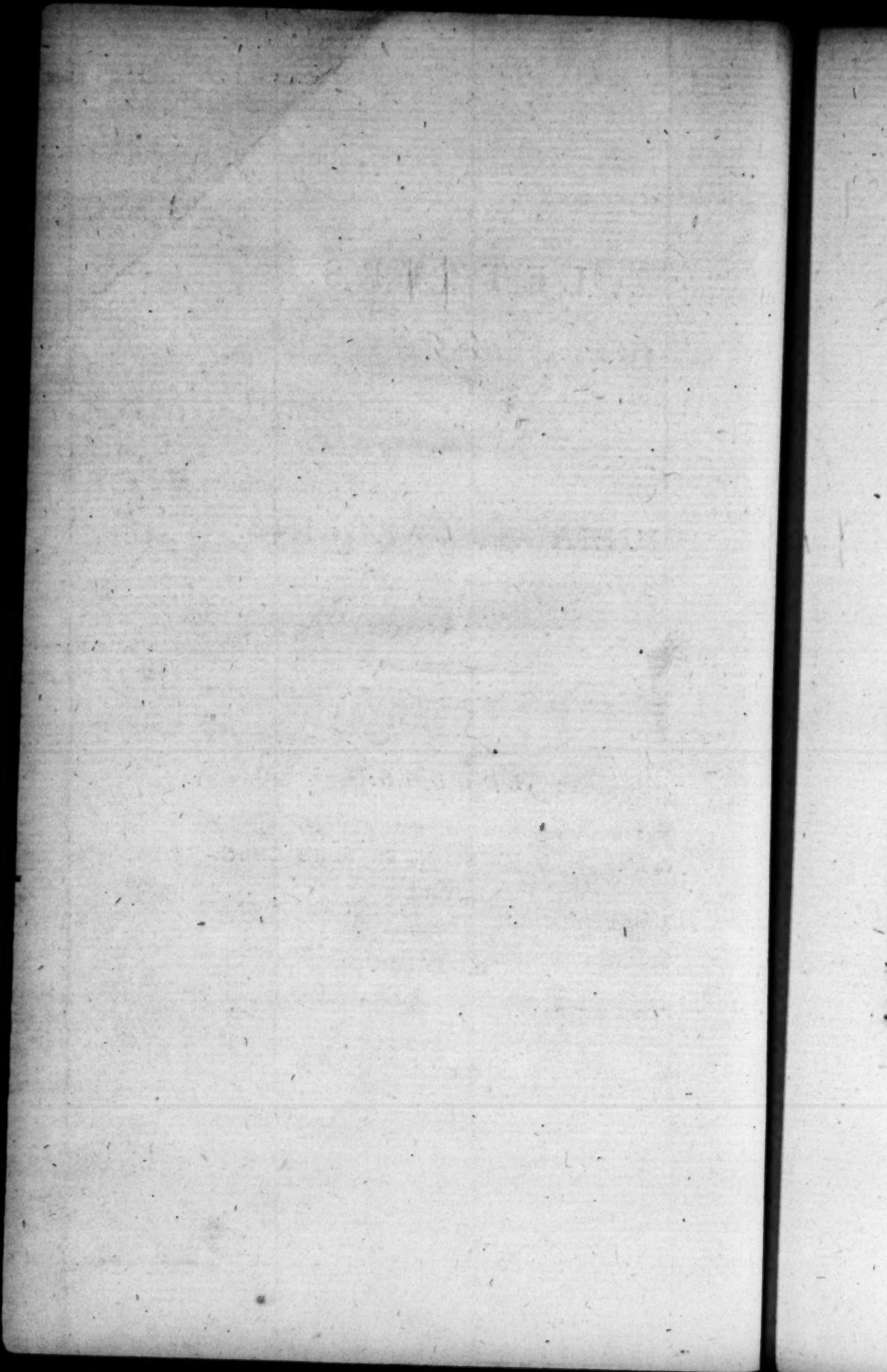
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JULIA AND CAROLINE.

L O N D O N:

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JULIA AND CAROLINE.

LETTER I.

JULIA TO CAROLINE.

IN vain, dear Caroline, you urge me
to *think*, I profess only to *feel*.

"*Reflect upon my own feelings ! analyze*
" *my notions of happiness ! explain to*
" *you my system !—*" My system ! But
I have *no* system : *that* is the very dif-
ference between us. My notions of
happiness cannot be resolved into

B 2 simple,

simple, fixed, principles. Nor dare I even attempt to analyse them, the subtle essence would escape in the process: Just punishment to the alchemist in morality!—You, Caroline are of a more sedate, contemplative character.

Philosophy becomes the rigid mistress of your life, enchanting enthusiasm the companion of mine. Suppose she lead me now and then in pursuit of a meteor; am not I happy in the chace? When one illusion vanishes, another shall appear, and still leading me forward towards an horizon that retreats as I advance, the happy prospect of futurity shall vanish only with my existence.

“ Reflect upon my feelings!”—dear Caroline, is it not enough that I do feel?—

feel?—All that I dread is that *apathy* which philosophers call tranquillity. You tell me that by continually *indulging* I shall weaken my natural sensibility; are not all the faculties of the soul improved, refined by exercise, and why shall *this* be excepted from the general law?

But I must not you tell me, indulge my taste for romance and poetry, lest I waste that sympathy on *fiction* which *reality* so much better deserves. My dear friend, let us cherish the precious propensity to pity! no matter what the object; sympathy with fiction or reality, arises from the same disposition.

When the sigh of compassion rises in my bosom, when the spontaneous tear starts from my eye, what frigid mo-

ralist shall “stop the genial current of the soul,” shall say to the tide of passion, *so far shalt thou go, and no farther?* — Shall man presume to circumscribe that which Providence has left unbounded?

But Oh Caroline! if our feelings as well as our days are numbered; if by the immutable law of nature, apathy be the sleep of passion, and languor the inevitable consequence of exertion; if indeed the pleasures of life are so ill-proportioned to its duration, oh may that duration be shortened to me! — Kind heaven, let not my soul die before my body!

Yes, if at this instant my guardian genius were to appear before me, and offering me the choice of my future

destiny; on the one hand the even temper, the poised judgment, the stoical serenity of philosophy; on the other, the eager genius, the exquisite sensibility of enthusiasm:—If the angel said to me “choose.”—The lot of the one is great pleasure, and great pain—great virtues, and great defects—ardent hope, and severe disappointment—Extacy and despair. The lot of the other is calm happiness unmixt with violent grief, virtue without heroism—repect without admiration, and a length of life, in which to every moment is allotted its proper portion of felicity—Gracious genius, I should exclaim, if half my existence must be the sacrifice, take it; *enthusiasm is my choice.*

Such, my dear friend, would be my choice were I a man; as a woman, how much more readily should I determine!

What has woman to do with philosophy? The graces flourish not under her empire; a woman's part in life is to please, and Providence has assigned to her *success* all the pride and pleasure of her being.

Then leave us our weakness, leave us our follies, they are our best arms.

"Leave us to trifle with more grace and ease,
"Whom folly pleases and whose follies please.

The moment grave sense, and solid merit appear, adieu the bewitching caprice, the "*lively nonsense,*" the exquisitely,

fite, yet childish susceptibility which charms, interests, captivates.—Believe me, our *amiable defects* win more than our noblest virtues. Love requires sympathy, and sympathy is seldom connected with a sense of superiority. I envy none their "*painful pre-eminence*." Alas! whether it be deformity or excellence which makes us say with Richard the Third,

"I am myself alone!"

it comes to much the same thing. Then let us, Caroline, content ourselves to gain in love what we lose in esteem.

Man is to be held only by the *slightest* chains; with the idea that he
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can break them at pleasure; he submits to them in sport; but his pride revolts against the power to which his *reason* tells him he ought to submit. What then can woman gain by reason? Can she prove by argument that she is amiable? or demonstrate that she is an angel?

Vain was the industry of the artist, who, to produce the image of perfect beauty, selected from the fairest faces their most faultless features. Equally vain must be the efforts of the philosopher, who would excite the idea of mental perfection, by patching together an assemblage of party-coloured virtues.

Such, I had almost said, is my *system*, but I mean my *sentiments*. I am not accurate

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accurate enough to compose a *system*.
After all, how vain are systems! and
theories and reasonings!

We may *claim*, but what do we
really know? All is uncertainty—Hu-
man prudence does nothing—Fortune
every thing; I leave every thing there-
fore to fortune; you leave nothing. Such
is the difference between us,—and
which shall be the happiest, time alone
can decide.

Farewell, dear Caroline, I love you
better than I thought I could love a
philosopher.

Your ever affectionate

JULIA.

L E T-

LETTER II.

CAROLINE'S ANSWER TO JULIA.

AT the hazard of ceasing to be “charming,” “interesting,” “captivating,” I must, dear Julia, venture to reason with you, to examine your favorite doctrine of “amiable defects,” and if possible to dissipate that unjust dread of perfection which you seem to have continually before your eyes.

It is the sole object of a woman's life, you say, to *please*. Her amiable defects *please* more than her noblest virtues, her follies more than her wisdom, her caprice more than her temper, and *something*, a nameless something, which

no

no art can imitate and no science can teach, more than all.

Art, you say, spoils the graces and corrupts the heart of woman; and at best can produce only a cold model of perfection; which, though perhaps strictly conformable to *rule*, can never touch the soul, or please the unprejudiced, like one simple stroke of genuine nature.

I have often observed, dear Julia, that an inaccurate use of words produces such a strange confusion in all reasoning, that often in the heat of debate, the combatants, unable to distinguish their friends from their foes, fall promiscuously on both. A skilful disputant knows well how to take advantage of this confusion, and some-
time

times endeavours to create it. I don't know whether I am to suspect you of such a design; but I must guard against it.

You have with great address availed yourself of the *two* ideas connected with the word *art*; first as opposed to simplicity it implies artifice, and next as opposed to ignorance, it comprehends all the improvements of science, which, leading us to search for general causes, rewards us with a dominion over their dependent effects. That which instructs how to pursue the objects which we may have in view, with the greatest probability of success. All men who act from general principles are so far philosophers. Their objects may be, when attained, insufficient to their happiness,

piness, or they may not previously have known all the necessary means to obtain them. But they must not therefore complain, if they do not meet with success which they have no right, at least they have no reason to expect.

Parrhasius, in collecting the most admired excellencies from various models, to produce perfection, argued from general principles that mankind would admire what they had before admired.—So far he was a philosopher. But he was disappointed of success—Yes, for he was ignorant of the cause necessary to produce it. The separate features might be perfect, but perhaps in their union he forgot to give the whole countenance a peculiar *expression*.

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There was, as you say, a *something* wanting, which his science had not taught him. He should then have set himself to examine what that *something* was, and how it was to be obtained. His want of success arose from the *insufficiency*, not the *fallacy* of theory. Your object, dear Julia, we will suppose is "to please." If general observation and experience have taught you that slight accomplishments, and a trivial character, succeed more certainly in obtaining this end, than higher worth, and sense, you act from principle in rejecting the one and aiming at the other. You have discovered, or think you have discovered, the secret causes which produce the desired effect, and you employ them.

Do

Do not call this *instinct* or *nature*; this also, though you scorn it, is *philosophy*.

But when you come soberly to reflect, you have a feeling in your mind that reason and cool judgment disapprove of the part you are acting.

Let us, however, distinguish between disapprobation of the *object* and the *means*.

Averse as enthusiasm is to the retrograde motion of analysis, let me, my dear friend, lead you one step backward.

Why do you wish to please? I except at present from the question, the desire to please, arising from a passion which requires a reciprocal return. Confined as *this* wish must be in a woman's heart to one object alone, when

C you

you say, Julia, that the admiration of others, will be absolutely necessary to your happiness, I must suppose you mean to express only a *general* desire to please ?

Then under this limitation—let me ask you again, why do you wish to please ?

Do not let a word stop you. The word *vanity* conveys to us a disagreeable idea. There seems something *selfish* in the sentiment—That all the pleasure we feel in pleasing others, arises from the gratification it affords to our own *vanity*.

We refine, and explain, and never can bring ourselves fairly to make a confession, which, at the very moment we make it, we are sensible must lower

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us in the opinion of others, and consequently mortify the very *vanity* we would conceal. So strangely then do we deceive ourselves as to deny the existence of a motive, which at the instant prompts the denial. But let us, dear Julia, exchange the word *vanity* for a less odious word, self-complacency; let us acknowledge that we wish to please, because the success raises our self-complacency. If you ask why raising our self-approbation gives us pleasure, I must answer, that I do not know. Yet I see and feel that it does; I observe that the voice of numbers is capable of raising the highest transport or the most fatal despair. The eye of man seems to possess a fascinating power over his

fellow-creatures, to raise the blush of shame or the glow of pride.

I look around me and I see riches, titles, dignities pursued with such eagerness by thousands, only as the signs of distinction. Nay, are not all these things sacrificed the moment they cease to be distinctions. The moment the prize of glory is to be won by other means, do not millions sacrifice their fortunes, their peace, their health, their lives, for *fame*. Then amongst the highest pleasures of human beings, I must place self-approbation. With this belief, let us endeavour to secure it in the greatest extent, and to the longest duration.

Then, Julia, the wish to please becomes only a secondary motive subordinate

dinate to the desire I have to secure my own self-complacency. We will examine how far they are connected.

In reflecting upon my own mind, I observe that I am flattered by the opinion of others, in proportion to the opinion I have previously formed of their judgment ; or, I perceive that the opinion of *numbers* merely as *numbers* has power to give me great pleasure or great pain. I would unite both these pleasures if I could, but in general I cannot—They are incompatible. The opinion of the vulgar crowd, and the enlightened individual, the applause of the highest, and the lowest of mankind, cannot be obtained by the same means.

Another question then arises, whom shall we wish to please—We must choose, and be decided in the choice.

You say that you are proud, I am prouder—You will be content with indiscriminate admiration—Nothing will content me but what is *select*. As long as I have the use of my reason—as long as my heart can feel “the “delightful sense of a well-earned “praise,” I will fix my eye on the highest pitch of excellence, and steadily endeavour to attain it.

Conscious of her worth, and daring to assert it, I would have a woman, early in life, know that she is capable of filling the heart of a man of sense and merit—That she is worthy to be his companion and friend. With all
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the energy of her soul, with all the powers of her understanding, I would have a woman endeavour to please those she esteems and loves.

She runs a risk, you will say, of never meeting her equal—Hearts and understandings of a superior order are seldom met with in the world ; or when met with, it may not be her particular good fortune to win them—True, but if ever she *wins*, she will *keep* them ; and the prize appears to me well worth the pains and difficulty of attaining.

I too, Julia, admire and feel enthusiasm ; but I would have philosophy directed to the highest objects. I dread apathy, as much as you can, and I would endeavour to prevent it,

not by sacrificing half my existence,
but by enjoying the whole with mo-
deration.

You ask why exercise does not in-
crease sensibility, and why sympathy
with imaginary distress will not also
increase the disposition to sympathise
with what is real? Because pity should,
I think, always be associated with the
active desire to relieve. If it be suf-
fered to become a *passive sensation*, it is
a *useless weakness*, not a virtue. The
species of reading you speak of must be
hurtful, even in this respect, to the mind,
as it indulges all the luxury of woe in
sympathy with fictitious distress, without
requiring the exertion which reality de-
mands : Besides, universal experience
proves to us that habit, so far from in-
creasing

creasing sensibility, absolutely destroys it, by familiarising it with objects of distress.

Let me, my dear friend, appeal even to your own experience in the very instance you mention. Is there any pathetic writer in the world, who could move you as much at the "twentieth reading," as at the first. Speak naturally, and at the third or fourth reading, you would probably say, "It is very pathetic, but I have read it before—I liked it better the first time," that is to say, it *did* touch me once—I know it *ought* to touch me now, but it *does* not; beware of this! —Do not let life become "*as tedious as a twice told tale.*"

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Farewel, dear Julia; this is the answer of fact against eloquence, philosophy against enthusiasm. You appeal from my understanding to my heart—I appeal from the heart to the understanding of my judge; and ten years hence the decision perhaps will be in my favour.

Yours, sincerely,

CAROLINE.

L E T-

LETTER III.

CAROLINE TO JULIA,

On her intended Marriage.

INDEED, my dear Julia,
 I hardly know how to venture to give
 you my advice upon a subject, which
 ought to depend so much upon your
 own taste and feelings. My opinion
 and my wishes I could readily tell you ;
 the idea of seeing you united and at-
 tached to my brother, is certainly the
 most agreeable to me ; but I am to
 divest myself of the partiality of a sister,
 and to consider my brother and Lord
 V—, as equal candidates for your
 preference ; *equal* I mean in your re-
 gard, for you say that “Your heart is

"not yet decided in its choice," and this is what puzzles you most, for that—" If " that oracle would declare itself in " intelligible terms, you would not " hesitate a moment to obey its dic- " tates." But my dear Julia, is there not another, a *safer*, I do not say a *better* oracle, to be consulted ? your reason. Whilst the " doubtful beam still nods " from side to side," you may with a steady hand weigh your own motives, and determine what things will be essential to your happiness, and what *price* you will pay for them, for

" Each pleasure has its *price*, and they who pay
" Too much of pain, but squander life away."

Do me the justice to believe that I do not quote these lines of Dryden as being

being the finest poetry he ever wrote; for poets, you know, as Waller wittily observed, never succeed so well in *truth, as in fiction.*

Since we cannot in life expect to realize all our *wishes*, we must distinguish those which claim the rank of *wants*. We must separate the fanciful from the real, or at least make the one subservient to the other.

It is of the utmost importance to you, more particularly, to take every precaution before you decide for life, because disappointment and restraint afterwards would be insupportable to *your temper,*

You have often declared to me, my dear friend, that your love of poetry, and of all the refinements of literary
and

and romantic pursuits is so intimately
 " interwoven in your mind, that no-
 " thing could separate them, without
 " destroying the whole fabric."

Your tastes, you say, are fixed ; if they are so, you must be doubly careful to insure their gratification. If you cannot make *them* subservient to external circumstances, you should certainly, if it be in your power, choose a situation in which circumstances will be subservient to them. If you are convinced that you could not adopt the tastes of another, it will be absolutely necessary for your happiness to live with one whose tastes are similar to your own.

The belief in that sympathy of souls which the poets suppose declares itself between

between two people at first sight, is perhaps as absurd as the late fashionable belief in animal magnetism. But there is a sympathy which, if it be not the *foundation*, may be called the *cement* of affection. Two people could not I should think retain any lasting affection for each other, without a mutual sympathy in *taste* and in their diurnal occupations, and domestic pleasures. This you will allow, my dear Julia, even in a fuller extent than I do. Now, my brother's tastes, character, and habits of life are so very different from Lord V——'s, that I scarcely know how you can compare them ; at least before you can decide which of the two would make you the happiest in life, you must determine what kind of life you may wish

wish to lead ; for my brother, though he might make *you* very happy in domestic life, would not make the Countess of V—— happy ; nor would Lord V—— make Mrs. Percy happy. They must be two different women ; with different habits, and different wishes ; so that you must divide yourself, my dear Julia, like Araspes, into two selves ; I do not say into a bad and a good self ; choose some other epithets to distinguish them, but distinct they must be—so let them now declare and decide their pretensions ; and let the victor have not only the honours of a triumph, but all the prerogatives of victory. Let the subdued be subdued for life—Let the victor take every precaution which policy can dictate, to prevent the possi-

bility of future contests with the vanquished.

But, without talking poetry to you, my dear friend, let me seriously recommend it to you to examine your own mind carefully, and if you find that public diversions and public admiration, dissipation, and all the pleasures of riches and high rank, are really and truly essential to your happiness, direct your choice accordingly. Marry Lord V——, he has a large fortune, extensive connexions, and an exalted station; his own taste for show and expence, his family pride, and personal vanity, will all tend to the end you propose. Your house, table, equipages, may be all in the highest style of magnificence. Lord V——'s easiness

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of temper and fondness for you will readily give you that entire ascendancy over his pleasures, which your abilities give you over his understanding. He will not controul your wishes; you may gratify them to the utmost bounds of his fortune, and perhaps beyond those bounds; you may have entire command at home and abroad. If *these* are your objects, Julia, take them, they are in your power. But remember, you must take with them their necessary concomitants—the restraints upon your time, upon the choice of your friends and your company, which high life imposes; the *ennui* subsequent to dissipation; the mortifications of rivalship in beauty, wit, rank, and magnificence; the trouble of

managing a large fortune, and the chance of involving your affairs and your family in difficulty and distress ; these and a thousand more evils you must submit to. You must renounce all the pleasures of the heart and of the imagination ; you must give up the idea of cultivating literary taste ; you must not expect from your husband equal friendship and confidence, or any of the delicacies of affection—you govern him, he cannot therefore be your equal ; you may be a fond mother, but you cannot educate your children, you will neither have the time, nor the power to do it ; you must trust them to a governess. In the selection of your friends, and in the enjoyment of their company and conversation, you will be still

more restrained ; in short, you must give up all the pleasures of domestic life, for that is not in this case, the life you have chosen. But you will exclaim against me for supposing you capable of making such a choice—such sacrifices—I am sure, *next to my brother*, I am the last person in the world who would wish you to make them.

You have another choice, my dear Julia; domestic life is offered you, by one who has every wish, and every power, to make it agreeable to you ; by one whose tastes resemble your own ; who would be a judge and a fond admirer of all your perfections. You would have perpetual motives to cultivate every talent, and to exert every power of pleasing for his sake—

for

for *his* sake, whose penetration no improvement would escape, and whose affection would be susceptible of every proof of yours. Am I drawing too flattering a picture?—A sister's hand may draw a partial likeness, but still it will be a likeness. At all events, my dear Julia, you would be certain of the mode of life you would lead with my brother. The regulation of your time and occupations would be your own. In the education of your family you would meet with no interruptions or restraint. You would have no governess to counteract, no strangers to intrude; you might follow your own judgment, or yield to the judgment of one, who would never re-

quire you to submit to his opinion, but
to his reasons.

All the pleasures of friendship you
would enjoy in your own family in the
highest perfection, and you would have
for your sister, the friend of your
infancy,

CAROLINE.

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LETTER IV.

CAROLINE TO LADY V—,

*Upon her intended separation from her
husband.*

YOU need not fear, my dear lady V—, that I should triumph in the accomplishment of my prophecies; or that I should reproach you for having preferred your own opinion to my advice. Believe me, my dear Julia, I am your friend, nor would the name of *sister* have increased my friendship.

Five years have made then so great a change in your feelings and views of life, that a few days ago, when my letter

to you on your marriage, accidentally
 fell into your hands "you were struck
 " with a species of astonishment at your
 " choice, and you burst into tears in an
 " agony of despair, on reading the wretched
 " doom foretold to the wife of Lord V——.

"A doom," you add, "which I feel
 " hourly accomplishing, and which I see no
 " possibility of averting, but by a separation
 " from a husband, with whom, I now
 " think, it was madness to unite myself."

Your opinion, I must already know
 upon this subject, "as the same argu-
 " ments which should have prevented me
 " from making such a choice, ought now to
 " determine me to abjure it."

You say, dear Julia, that my letter
 struck you with despair—despair is
 almost always either madness or folly;
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it obtains, it deserves, nothing from mankind but pity ; and pity, though it be a-kin to love, has yet a secret affinity to contempt. In strong minds, despair is an acute disease ; the prelude to great exertion. In weak minds, it is a chronic distemper, followed by incurable indolence. Let the crisis be favourable, and resume your natural energy. Instead of suffering the imagination to dwell with unavailing sorrow on the past, let us turn our attention towards the future. When an evil is irremediable, let us acknowledge and bear it—acknowledge it—for there is no power to which we submit so certainly, as to necessity. With our hopes, our wishes cease. Imagination has a contracting, as well as an expansive faculty. The prisoner,

prisoner, who, deprived of all that we conceive to constitute the pleasures of life, could interest or occupy himself with the labours of a spider, was certainly a philosopher. He enjoyed all the means of happiness that were left in his power.

I know, my dear lady V——, that words have little effect over grief; and I do not, I assure you, mean to insult you with the parade of stoical philosophy. But consider, your error is not perhaps so great as you imagine. Certainly, they who at the beginning of life, can with a steady eye look *through the long perspective* of distant years, who can in one view comprise all the different objects of happiness and misery, who can compare accurately and justly estimate

estimate their respective degrees of importance ; and who, after having formed such a calculation, are capable of acting uniformly, in consequence of their own conviction, are the *wisest*, and as far as prudence can influence our fortune; the *happiest* of human beings. Next to this favoured class, are those who can perceive, and repair their own errors ; who can stop at any given period, to take a new view of life. If unfortunate circumstances have denied you a place in the first rank, you may, dear Julia, secure yourself a station in the second. Is not the conduct of a woman, after her marriage, of infinitely more importance than her previous choice, whatever it may have been ?

then

then now consider what yours should be.

You say, that it is easier to *break* a chain than to *stretch* it ; but, remember that when broken, your part of the chain, Julia, will still remain with you, and fetter and disgrace you through life. Why should a woman be so circumspect in her choice ? Is it not because when once made she must abide by it. " She sets her life upon the " cast, and she must stand the hazard of " the die." From domestic uneasiness a man has a thousand resources ; in middling life, the tavern ; in high life, the gaming table suspends the anxiety of thought. Dissipation, ambition, business, the occupation of a profession ; change of place ; change of company, afford him agreeable

agreeable and honourable relief from domestic chagrin. If his home become tiresome, he leaves it—if his wife become disagreeable to him, he leaves her, and in leaving her loses *only* a wife. But what resource has a woman?—Precluded from all the occupations common to the other sex, she loses even those peculiar to her own. She has no remedy, from the company of a man she dislikes, but a separation; and this remedy, desperate as it is, is allowed only to a certain class of women in society; to those whose fortune affords them the means of subsistence, and whose friends have secured to them a separate maintenance. A peeress then probably can leave her husband if she wish it; a peasant's wife can-

cannot; she depends upon the character and privileges of a wife for actual subsistence. Her *domestic care*, if not her *affection*, is secured to her husband; and it is just that it should. He sacrifices his liberty, his labour, his ingenuity, his time, for the support and protection of his wife; and in proportion to his protection, is his power.

In higher life, where the sacrifices of both parties in the original union are more equal, the evils of a separation are more nearly balanced. But even here, the wife who has hazarded least suffers the most by the dissolution of the partnership; she loses a great part of her fortune, and of the conveniences and luxuries of life. She loses her home—her rank in society. She loses both the
repellant

repellant and the attractive power of a mistress of a family. "Her occupation is gone." She becomes a wanderer through life. Whilst her youth and beauty last, she may enjoy that species of delirium, caused by public admiration : fortunate if habit does not destroy the power of this charm, before the season of its duration expire. It was said to be the wish of a celebrated modern beauty, "that she might not survive her nine and twentieth birthday." I have often heard this wish quoted, from its extravagance ; but I always admired it for its good sense. The lady forefaw the inevitable doom of her declining years. Her apprehensions for the future embittered even her enjoyment of the present ; and she

had resolution enough to offer to take a "bond of fate," to sacrifice one half of her life, to secure the pleasure of the other.

But dear lady V——, probably this wish was made at some distance from the destined period of its accomplishment. On the eve of her nine and twentieth birth-day, the lady perhaps might have felt inclined to retract her prayer. At least we should provide for the cowardice which might seize the female mind at such an instant. Even the most wretched life has power to attach us. None can be more wretched than the old age of a dissipated beauty.

Unless, lady V——, it be that of a woman, who, to all her evils has the addition of remorse, for having abjured

jured her duties and abandoned her family. Such is the situation of a woman who separates from her husband. Reduced to go the same insipid round of public amusements, yet more restrained than an unmarried beauty in youth, yet more miserable in age, the superiority of her genius and the sensibility of her heart, become her greatest evils. She, indeed, must *pray* for *indifference*. Avoided by all her family connections, hated and despised where she might have been loved and respected, solitary in the midst of society, she feels herself deserted at the time of life when she most wants social comfort and assistance.

Dear Julia, whilst it is yet in your power secure to yourself a happier fate;

retire to the bosom of your own family ; prepare for yourself a new society ; perform the duties, and you shall soon enjoy the pleasures of domestic life ; educate your children, whilst they are young it shall be your occupation, as they grow up it shall be your glory. Let me anticipate your future success, when they shall appear such as you can make them, when the world shall ask "Who educated these amiable young women ? Who formed their character ? Who cultivated the talents of this promising young man ? "Why does this whole family live together so perfectly united ?" With one voice, dear Julia, your children shall name their mother ; she who in the bloom of youth checked herself in the

career

career of dissipation, and turned all the ability and energy of her mind to their education.

Such will be your future fame. In the mean time, before you have formed for yourself companions in your own family you will want a society suited to your taste. "Disgusted as you have been with "frivolous company, you say that you "wish to draw around you a society of "literary and estimable friends, whose "conversation and talents shall delight "you, and who at the same time that "they are excited to display their own "abilities, shall be a judge of yours."

But dear lady V——, the possibility of your forming such a society, must depend on your having a home to receive, a character and consequence in

life to invite and justify it. The opinion of numbers is necessary to excite the ambition of individuals. To be a female Mecænas you must have power to confer favours, as well as judgment to discern merit.

What castles in the air are built by the synthetic wand of imagination, which vanish when exposed to the analysis of reason!

Then, Julia, supposing that Lord V—, as your husband, becomes a negative quantity, as to your happiness, yet he will acquire another species of value as the master of your family, and the father of your children. As a person who supports your public consequence, and your private self-complacency. Yes, dear lady V—, he will increase your self-complacency ; for do you

you not think, that when your husband sees his children prosper under your care, his family united under your management—whilst he feels your merit at home, and hears your praises abroad, do you not think he will himself learn to respect and love you? You say that “*he is not a judge of female excellence; that he has no real taste, that vanity is his ruling passion.*” Then if his judgment be dependant on the opinion of others, he will be the more easily led by the public voice, and you will command his suffrages of the public. If he has not taste enough to approve, he will have vanity enough to be proud of you; and a vain man insensibly begins to love that of which he is proud. Why does lord V——— love his buildings, his paintings, his

equipages? It is not for their intrinsic value; but because they are means of distinction to him. Let his wife become a greater distinction to him, and on the same principles he will prefer her. Set an example then, dear lady V—, of domestic virtue; your talents shall make it admired, your rank shall make it conspicuous. You are ambitious, Julia, you love praise; you have been used to it, you cannot live happily without it.

Fame and praise are mental *luxuries* which become, from habit, absolutely necessary to our existence; and in purchasing them we must pay the price set upon them by society. The more curious, the more avaricious we become of this “aerial coin,” the more it

is our interest to preserve its currency
and increase its value. You, my dear
Julia, in particular, who have amassed
so much of it, should not cry down its
price, for your own sake!—Do not
then say in a fit of disgust, that “you
“are grown too wise now to value ap-
“plause.”

If, during youth, your appetite for
applause was indiscriminate, and in-
dulged to excess, you are now more
difficult in your choice, and are be-
come an *epicure* in your taste for praise.

Adieu, my dear Julia, I hope still to
see you as happy in domestic life, as

Your ever affectionate
and sincere friend,

CAROLINE.

LETTER V.

CAROLINE TO LADY V.—,

On her conduct after her separation from her husband.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A delicacy, of which I now begin to repent, has of late prevented me from writing to you. I am afraid I shall be abrupt, but it is necessary to be explicit. Your conduct ever since your separation from your husband, has been anxiously watched from a variety of motives, by his family and your own—it has been blamed. Reflect upon your own mind and examine with what justice.

Last

Last summer when I was with you I observed a change in your conversation, and the whole turn of your thoughts. I perceived an unusual impatience of restraint; a confusion in your ideas when you began to reason, —an eloquence in your language, when you began to declaim, which convinced me, that from whatever cause the powers of your reason had been declining, and those of your imagination rapidly increasing, the boundaries of right and wrong seemed to be no longer marked in your mind. Neither the rational hope of happiness nor a sense of duty governed you; but some unknown, wayward power seemed to have taken possession of your understanding, and to have thrown every

every thing into confusion. You appeared peculiarly averse to philosophy : let me recall your own words to you ; you asked " of what use philosophy could be to beings who had no free will, and how the ideas of just punishment and involuntary crime could be reconciled ? "

Your understanding involved itself in metaphysical absurdity. In conversing upon literary subjects one evening, in speaking of the striking difference between the conduct and the understanding of the great Lord Bacon, you said, that " it by no means surprised you, that to an enlarged mind, accustomed to consider the universe as one vast whole, the conduct of that little animated atom, that inconsiderable part

"part *self*, must be too insignificant to
fix or merit attention. It was no-
thing," you said, "in the general mass
of vice and virtue, happiness and
misery." I believe I answered,
that it might be *nothing* compared to
the great *whole*, but it was *every thing*
to the individual." Such were your
opinions in theory; you must know
enough of the human heart, to perceive
their tendency when reduced to prac-
tice. Speculative opinions, I know, have
little influence over the practice of those
who *act* much and think little; but I
should conceive their power to be con-
siderable over the conduct of those
who have much time for reflection and
little necessity for action. In one case
the habit of action governs the thoughts
upon

upon any sudden emergency ; in the other, the thoughts govern the actions. The truth or falsehood then of speculative opinions is of much greater consequence to *our* sex than to *the other* ; as we live a life of reflection, they of action.

Re-trace then, dear Julia, to your mind the course of your thoughts for some time past ; discover the cause of this revolution in your opinions ; judge yourself ; and remember, that in the *mind* as well as in the body, the highest pitch of disease is often attended with an unconsciousness of its existence. If, then lady V——, upon receiving my letter, you should feel averse to this self-examination, or if you should imagine it to be useless, I no longer advise, I command

mand you, quit your present abode ;
come to me ; fly from the danger and
be safe.

Dear Julia, I must assume this peremptory tone ; if you are angry, I must disregard your anger ; it is the anger of disease, the anger of one who is roused from that sleep which would end in death.

I respect the equality of friendship ; but this equality permits, nay requires the temporary ascendancy I assume. In real friendship the judgment, the genius, the prudence of each party become the common property of both. Even if they are equals they may not be so *always*. Those transient fits of passion, to which the best and wisest are liable, may deprive even the superior of the

advantage of their reason. She then has still in her friend, an *impartial*, though perhaps an inferior judgment; each becomes the guardian of the other, as their mutual safety may require.

Heaven seems to have granted this double chance of virtue and happiness, as the peculiar reward of friendship.

Use it then, my dear friend; accept the assistance you could so well return. Obey me; I shall judge of you by your resolution at this crisis; on it depends your fate, and my friendship.

Your sincere,

and affectionate

CAROLINE.

L E T -

LETTER VI.

CAROLINE TO LADY V——

Just before she went to France.

June 17th.

THE time is now come,
 Lady V——, when I must bid you an
 eternal adieu. With what deep regret,
 I need not, Julia, I cannot tell you.

I burnt your letter the moment I had
 read it. Your past confidence I never
 will betray; but I must renounce all
 future intercourse with you. I am a
 sister, a wife, a mother, all these con-
 nections forbid me to be longer your
 friend. In misfortune, in sickness, or
 in poverty, I never would have for-
 saken

faken you ; but infamy I cannot share. I would have gone, I went, to the brink of the precipice to save you ; with all my force I held you back ; but in vain. But why do I vindicate my conduct to you now ? Accustomed as I have always been, to think your probation necessary to my happiness, I forgot that henceforward your opinion is to be nothing to me, or mine to you.

Oh Julia, the idea, the certainty, that you must, if you live, be in a few years, in a few months perhaps, reduced to absolute want—in a foreign country—without a friend—a protector—the fate of women, who have fallen from a state as high as yours—the names of L——, of G————,

the

(65)

the horror I feel at joining your name
to theirs, impels me to make one more
attempt to save you.

Companion of my earliest years !
friend of my youth ! my beloved
Julia !—by the happy innocent hours
we have spent together---by the love
you had for me—by the respect you
bear to the memory of your mother—
by the agony, with which your father
will hear of the loss of his daughter—
by all that has power to touch your
mind—I conjure you, I implore you
to pause !—Farewell !

CAROLINE.

F

L E T -

LETTER VII.

CAROLINE TO LORD V—,

*Written a few months after the date of the
preceding letter.*

MY LORD,

THOUGH I am too sensible that all connection between my unfortunate friend and her family must for some time have been dissolved, I venture now to address myself to your lordship.

On Wednesday last, about half after six o'clock in the evening, the following note was brought to me; it had been written with such a trembling hand

hand that it was scarcely legible ; but I knew the writing too well.

“ If you ever loved me, Caroline,
 “ read this—do not tear it the moment
 “ you see the name of Julia—she has
 “ suffered—she is humbled—I left
 “ France with the hope of seeing you
 “ once more—but now I am so near
 “ you my courage fails, and my heart
 “ sinks within me—I have no friend
 “ upon earth—I deserve none—Yet I
 “ cannot help wishing to see once more
 “ before I die the friend of my youth,
 “ to thank her with my last breath.

“ But dear Caroline, if I must not
 “ see you, write to me, if possible, one
 “ line of consolation.

F 2

“ Tell

" Tell me, is my father living—do
 " you know any thing of my children
 " —I dare not ask for my husband—
 " adieu!—I am so weak that I can
 " scarcely write—I hope I shall soon
 " be no more—Farewel !

JULIA."

I immediately determined to follow
 the bearer of this letter—Julia was
 waiting for my answer at a small inn, in
 a neighbouring village at a few miles
 distance—It was night when I got
 there—every thing was silent—all the
 houses were shut up, excepting one,
 in which we saw two or three lights
 glimmering through the window—
 this was the inn—as your lordship may
 imagine, it was a very miserable place

—the

—the mistress of the house seemed to be touched with pity for the stranger—she opened the door of a small room, where she said the poor lady was resting, and retired as I entered.

Upon a low matted seat beside the fire, sat lady V—— ; she was in black, her knees were crossed, and her white, but emaciated arms flung on one side over her lap—her hands were clasped together, and her eyes fixed upon the fire—she seemed neither to hear or see any thing around her, but totally absorbed in her own reflections, to have sunk into insensibility—I dreaded to rouse her from this state of torpor; and I believe I stood for some moments motionless—at last I moved softly towards her—she turned her head—

started up—a scarlet blush overspread her face—she grew livid again instantly, gave a faint shriek, and sunk senseless into my arms.

When she returned to herself, and found her head lying upon my shoulder, and heard my voice soothing her, with all the expressions of kindness I could think of, she smiled with a look of gratitude, which I never shall forget —like one who had been long unused to kindness, she seemed ready to pour fourth all the fondness of her heart :— But as if recollecting herself better, she immediately checked her feelings —withdrew her hand from mine— thanked me—said she was quite well again—cast down her eyes, and her manner changed from tenderness to timidity.

timidity. She seemed to think that she had lost all right to sympathy, and received even the common offices of humanity with surprise—her high spirit, I saw, was quite broken.

I think I never felt such sorrow, as I did in contemplating Julia at this instant—she who stood before me sinking under the sense of inferiority, I knew to be my equal—my superior—yet by fatal imprudence, by one rash step, all her great and good and amiable qualities were irretrievably lost to the world and to herself.

When I thought that she was a little recovered, I begged of her, if she was not too much fatigued, to let me carry her home; at these words she looked at me with surprise.. Her eyes filled

with tears, but without making any other reply, she suffered me to draw her arm within mine, and attempted to follow me. I had no idea how feeble she was, till she began to walk ; it was with the utmost difficulty I supported her to the door, and by the assistance of the people of the house she was lifted into the carriage—we went very slowly—when the carriage stopped she was seized with an universal tremor—she started when the man knocked at the door, and seemed to dread its being opened. The appearance of light, and the sound of cheerful voices struck her with horror.

I could not myself help being shocked with the contrast between the dreadful situation of my friend and
the

the happiness of the family to which I was returning.

Oh ! said she, what are these voices ?—Whither are you taking me ?—For heaven's sake do not let any body see me !—I assured her that she should go directly to her own apartment, and that no human being should approach her without her express permission.

Alas ! it happened at this very moment that all my children came running with the utmost gaiety into the hall to meet us, and the very circumstance which I had been so anxious to prevent happened — little Julia was amongst them. The gaiety of the children suddenly ceased the moment they saw lady V—— coming up the steps—they were struck with her melancholy

lancholy air, and countenance—she, leaning upon my arm, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, let me lead her in, and sunk upon the first chair she came to—I made a sign to the children to retire, but the moment they began to move lady V—— looked up—saw her daughter—and now for the first time burst into tears. The little girl did not recollect her poor mother, till she heard the sound of her voice, and then she threw her arms round her neck, crying, “ Is it you, mama ?”—and all the children immediately crowded round and asked, “ if this “ was the same lady V——, who used “ to play with them ?”

It is impossible to describe the effect these simple questions had on Julia—
a variety

a variety of emotions seemed struggling in her countenance ; she rose and made an attempt to break from the children, but could not—she had not strength to support herself. We carried her away and put her to bed ; she took no notice of any body, nor did she even seem to know that I was with her ; I thought she was insensible, but as I drew the curtains I heard her give a deep sigh.

I left her and carried away her little girl, who had followed us up stairs and begged to stay with her mother, but I was apprehensive that the sight of her might renew her agitation.

After I was gone they told me that she was perfectly still, with her eyes closed, and I stayed away some time,

in

in hopes that she might sleep; however, about midnight she sent to beg to speak to me; she was very ill—she beckoned to me to sit down by her bed-side—every one left the room, and when Julia saw herself alone with me she took my hand, and in a low but calm voice, she said, “I have not many hours to live,—my heart is broken—I wished to see you, to thank you whilst it was yet in my power.” She pressed my hand to her trembling lips—“Your kindness,” added she, “touches me more than all the rest—but how ashamed you must be of such a friend.—Oh Caroline! to die a disgrace to all who ever loved me!”

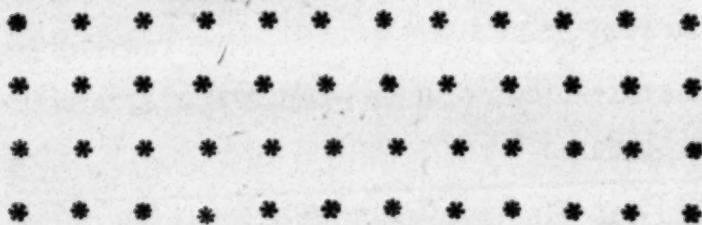
The tears trickled down her face and choked her utterance—she wiped them

them away hastily—"But it is not now
"a time," said she, "to think of my-
"self—can I see my daughter?" The
little girl was asleep — she was
awakened, and I brought her to her
mother—Julia raised herself in her bed,
and summoning up all her strength—
"my dearest friend!" said she, putting
her child's hand into mine, "when I
"am gone, be a mother to this child—
"let her know my whole history, let
"nothing be concealed from her—
"Poor girl, you will live to blush at
"your mother's name—" she paused
and leant back—I was going to take
the child away, but she held out her
arms again for her, and kissed her se-
veral times—"Farewel!" said she,
"I shall never see you again." The
little

little girl burst into tears—Julia wished to say something more—she raised herself again—at last she uttered these words with energy—“ my love—be “ *good and happy*—” she then sunk down on the pillow quite exhausted—she never spoke afterwards—I took her hand—it was cold—her pulse scarcely beat—her eyes rolled without meaning—in a few moments she expired, with her stiff and lifeless hand locked in mine.

Painful as it has been to me to recall the circumstances of her death to my imagination, I have given your lordship this exact and detailed account of my unfortunate friend's behaviour in her last moments—whatever may have been her errors, her soul never became callous

callous with vice. The sense of her own ill conduct was undoubtedly the immediate cause of her illness, and the remorse which had long preyed upon her mind, at length brought her to the grave—



I have the honour to be,

my Lord, &c.

CAROLINE.

THE END.

1
tet, > sind sehr alt, die sie haben
sich verändert, aber darüber noch nicht
ausreichend und so dass ich kaum
hierzu viel mehr zu sagen habe. Ich
habe mich hier auf die älteren Schriften beschränkt.

Die ältesten Schriften sind aus
dem 1. Jahrhundert v. Chr. und
stammen aus dem Gebiet des heutigen
Griechenlandes. Sie sind in
griechischer Sprache geschrieben und
zeigen eine starke Beeinflussung durch
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